

Want Column

One cent a word.
Nothing inserted for less than 15c

WANTED—Empty barrels and half barrels. Get our prices on house and barn paint and roofing. See Clyde Knapp or Luther Berry. E. J. Knapp, Chgo. Agents of Wolverine Elastic Paint and Cement. 41-51-1f.

FOUND—The best place in Belding to get a good shoe shine. Electric Shoe Shop, 120 S. Bridge St.

FOR SALE—One 1 1/2 H. P. "A" type Fairbanks-Morse gasoline engine. Telephone 10 or 86. M. A. Reed. 64-10-1

WANTED—Two men by the month work until the first of December. One day hand immediately. Joel Palmer, Orleans. 70-11-1f

FOR SALE—A good used Buick. Jas. Cramer. 81-12-1f

FOR SALE—Seven acres of good ground on gravel roads inside of city limits; splendid location. Inquire at Banner office. 77-12-1f

FARM FOR SALE—The old Charles Leach homestead. Fractional forty acres. Located 1-2 mile north of Orleans, on trunk line road, near church and school. Pleasant home with nice surroundings. Reason for selling, have about completed my buildings on a larger farm and expect to move soon. Joel Palmer, Orleans, Mich. 1 13-1f

BOATS TO RENT—Silas Hull has boats to let on Big Wabasis lake. 11-14-1f

FOR SALE—Three Jersey heifers. Ernest Benton, phone 269-5 rings. 30-16-1f

FOR SALE—Three-year-old Percheron colt at a bargain for quick sale. Poland China spring boar pig. H. P. Rickmann, phone 66-2. 12-15-4

CIDER MILL—Our cider mill on the Lou Emmons farm, five miles west of Belding and two and one-half miles east of Grattan Center on the state road will run, until further notice, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, Emmons & Reed, Grattan phone 13-5 rings. 35-16-1f

FOR SALE—Quantity of second-hand stovepipe. L. M. Berry, 903 Pearl street. 55-17-2

FOR SALE—Good, practically new, bicycle and 40 folding chairs. C. H. Dailey at the ticket office. 52-17-1f

FOR SALE—Two cement brick and one cement block machines; one cement sill and cap machine; one dress overcoat, one pitcher pump (new); one Gearhart knitting machine; one lot on north side. Inquire at 726 Ruby street, after 6 o'clock. 54-17-1f

FOR SALE—16 head of yearlings, mostly heifers, bred: 5-year-old Percheron mare, cheap. C. W. Joslin, Smyrna, Mich. 46-17-2

WANTED—Used piano in good condition. Write Box 12 Banner-News.

FOR SALE—Young pigs. Fred Dumon, Smyrna, phone 128-6r. 49-17-2

FOR SALE—Three wagons and a double harness. W. J. Gavitt, 610 Front St. 56-17-2

FOR SALE—We have about 50 feet of stovepipe for sale cheap. Banner-News office.

CIDER MILL—My cider mill on So. Bridge street will run Saturday, Sept. 21. After that it will run on Wednesday and Saturdays. All so cider apples wanted. Harvey J. Currie, phone 391. 50-17-1f

FOR RENT—Nine room house on Hambrook street; electric lights, gas and city water. Tom Bracken. 25-15-1f

FOR RENT—Suite of rooms, furnished for light housekeeping. 216 W. Congress street. 45-16-1f

FOR SALE—Good as new New Home sewing machine \$5. Truman Currie, 908 Alderman St. 23-15-4

FOR SALE—House and lot at 207 W. Liberty st. Mrs. O. Purdy, Orleans

FOR SALE—An Overland car, cheap if taken at once. Call 289, Alta Hall. 44-16-1

WANTED—Good cook at National Hotel. 59-18-3

FOR SALE—Five passenger Ford, 1914 model; tires on hind wheels; one new tire in front; new honeycomb radiator, A-1 shape. Phone 283-3 rings. Address H. S. Ellis, R. D. 2, Greenville. 57-18-1

FOR SALE—Registered Shorthorn cows and heifers of the Bates strain. Lloyd Carlyle, Rockford, Mich. Citizens phone 83-12. 58-18-3

LOST—War Savings Stamp in envelope, Tuesday, Sept. 17. Harold Coon, phone 180. 60-18-1

FOR SALE—Clover or timothy hay. Art Werner, phone 265 1-L 1-S. 61-18-1f

WE WILL PAY—A straight salary of \$35.00 per week for man or woman with rig to introduce Eureka Egg Producer. Six months' contract. Eureka Mfg. Co., East St. Louis, Ill. 65-18-1

LOST—On Sunday evening a lady's tan kid glove. Leave at Banner-News office. 64-18-1

WILL THE PARTY finding an automobile jack in front of Fred Reeves' please call 275-6r or leave at the Ford garage. 62-18-1

FOUND—Lady's pocketbook, containing a small amount of money. Owner may have the same by calling at 617 Pleasant street and proving property and paying for this adv. J. B. Essex. 65-18-1

FOUND—A hound pup. Owner can have same by calling at the Banner-News office.

WANTED—Apple pickers. Commenced picking Monday, September 30. Phone 263-5r. Robert Wood, Manager, O. W. Braman orchard. 66-18-1

WAR PROBLEMS; PEACE OFFERS
The trouble with discussing the Austrian peace offer, or any other made by the two belligerent governments we are fighting, is that any words, promises and treaties that Germany and Austria may make are not worth as much as a counterfeit cent piece. Anyone who attaches the slightest value to any agreement they make, is too innocent a lamb to live in this wicked world.

When our troops have occupied a good slice of German territory, then will be time to discuss peace terms. Then we can sit down for a brief season and say: Mr. Kaiser, we don't place the lightest reliance in your word, and don't consider that any agreement you may make with us is worth two cents. We hold this territory of yours and propose to hold it until such time as you make due reparation for your infamous deeds. When you get ready to come across and give some positive evidence you won't do it again, you can have back your territory, but not until then.

Then the Kaiser might make a real peace offer. Any talk of peace previous to that time leads people to let up a little on those continuous sacrifices that are necessary to maintain a high scale of military and mechanical effort.

No doubt the war lords have put out this peace offer at a time when they think it will hurt the sale of Liberty bonds. There are some people who will give it as an excuse for not buying bonds, that peace will soon be under discussion and they will not need to come across so heavily as before.

This is not the case. There will be no peace until the German people are thoroughly licked and have finally got it into their heads that starting wars is not a business proposition. Otherwise we shall have another war to pay for within a few years. It is cheaper to pay the bill all at once.

It is no doubt true as the Huns claim, that they are safe in their underground retreats during the American bombardment, as these retreats are largely graves.

MRS. K. L. SKAHEN
TEACHER OF
PIANO THEORY CHORUS

Studio 318 South Bridge Street
Phone 312-R

J. W. HANSEN, M. D.
SPECIALIST
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Glasses Fitted
Rasmussen Block, Greenville

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
ARTHUR J. FITZJOHN
Licensed Embalmer
Prompt Service
Phone, Day, 359 214 W. Main
Night, 148 Belding

**Shopping all
Through the
Markets for
These Fine
New Coats**

Only by visiting the New York, Toledo and Cleveland ready-to-wear houses, and selecting the best from each are we able to present these values in coats today

They are smart; they are snappy; they represent the newest in fabrics and cut. Their prices are consistent with value.

Of course prices are higher! But the economical and careful woman will find here the kind of coats it pays to buy.

A dollar invested in doubtful merchandise, under present conditions, is a dollar most unwisely spent.

Buy good goods and you will be practicing the right sort of economy.

Some splendid School-Girl Coats just received!

\$17.50 and up.

LINCOLN'S

Department Store

308 S. Bridge St.

Phone 263-5r

Manager, O. W. Braman orchard.

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SOLDIERS LUCKY TO GET A SHOT AND THEN HOSPITAL

(Continued From Page One.)
more data when I get back if there is room for more.

One thing I have been going to send you before this but kept forgetting is my identification number, 171976, if you have the insurance policy from Washington yet it would be best to copy it there some place so to remember or wherever it will be handy, so in case you should have to write in some time concerning it, it would be more easy to locate than just by name and branch of service.

How is everything at Belding? Everything moving along at a lively pace, I suppose.

You certainly had a dandy trip the Fourth. I'm glad you were able to get away on such a trip and to enjoy it so. And Mother, do not be worrying about not being able to do more for remember you have already done a lot, two of your boys are in the service and two more that would like to be and would if they were older.

Take care of your garden and home and keep well so we can all have a good time after this is all over with.

Must leave you now. Lots of love to all.
Harry J. Fuller,
Ord. Det. Repair-shop, 1st Bat., 44th
Arty., C. A. C., A. P. O. 719, A. E. F.

The following letter is from Corporal Clarence G. Bailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bailey and himself, an employee of this office until the time of his enlistment nearly two years ago.

Somewhere in France, Aug. 25.
How long is it since you heard from me? Again we have been on the move and have been in places where a soldier does not write letters very often for in those places we are about 10 miles from nowhere and too busy to write.

I wish I could drop in at home and spend Sunday with you and see all my friends and have a good talk but what's the use thinking about it? We have this job to do over here and then America bound and I believe the boys can sing "America" pretty strong. It may not be long and it may be another year. I have been here a year and a half now but it doesn't seem that long to me.

We are having some fine weather just now but best month is the rainy season here and then for the mud. I have been through it and I guess the boys who came over this summer will know what mud is all right.

I received the pictures of the boys you sent me and they are taller than Dana or I but not in weight.

I am sending you in this letter stuck on by my candle, a small cross from a German aviator's plane that we brought down near the front lines. It is about the only thing I can send home now but don't let someone walk off with it. It is just the kind that are on these large birds over here and it's "heads down" when one of them comes over our way but they don't stay long when the old gun opens fire on them, you bet.

I have had a chance to get lots of souvenirs that belong to Fritz but it would be just that much more to carry

around and I was, in too much of a hurry to pick them up. I'm telling you, so we left them with Fritz to help fertilize the French soil and "push up daisies" in the spring, ha, ha.

Well, the boys are coming over here now and I guess in time there will be enough of us to walk over to the city in Germany and we are mighty anxious to be on our way. There are some dandy souvenirs there for us and when the Yanks get started there is going to be something gathered besides helmets and we won't forget to tack on big interest, you bet.

I have heard from Edwin Bailey and was glad to hear from him and wish we could see each other. I also heard from Francis Bailey. Some day I may meet the bunch and help them sing, "Home, Sweet Home."

Well, I am O. K., so don't worry about me and am right there when the "chow" is ready and it is mighty good. Give my regards to all my friends and tell them hello for me. With love to all the family and tell little Ed. I think of him often.

Clarence.
Corporal Clarence C. Bailey,
Co. A., 3d M. G. Bn., A. E. F.

The next letter is from Corporal Carlton Davis, son of Mrs. George E. King, and gives a fairly accurate description of the monotonous life of a soldier while the big shells are falling like raindrops around him:

Somewhere in France, July 11.
Dear Mother:

After nearly four months I am able to get a letter out to you. I have been in the front for the last month and was usually ordered to write when I had time and in May I was travelling too much. We had a pretty hard fight this time but we came through on top. I lost the best officer I ever had or expect to have as long as I am in the service, Lieut. Hugh McFarlan, listed in the casualty list as severely wounded. I was up there the night before until about four hours before he was killed. They wounded two Sheenias and killed two mules at the same time with machine guns. I might have been in the bunch too, but the night before we were to take the rations, Lieut. McFarlan was guiding us. Well, we came to a valley and Lieut. McFarlan said the town we were to take the supplies to was at the other end. We kept on going and pretty soon I noticed that the fields on the other side were literally plowed up with high explosive shells and told the sergeant that they surely must have done some fighting there. We had not gone a hundred yards until the Boche's artillery opened up on us and commenced putting them all around us and all over the road. We just kept on driving. Lieut. McFarlan flinched, not even when one lit on the bank and threw debris all over us. We reached the town all right and unloaded the supplies as quickly as we could and then Lieut. McFarlan told me to get out of there as quick as I could. Well, I turned around and hardly started before a shell hit in front of me and also one behind me, both in the road. The one behind me left me minus one wheel, brake and tool box and nearly "knocked me out" with the concussion, while the one in front of me staggered one of my mules. I lashed them on a run with lines and jumped off so as to lighten the load and I never ran so fast in my life with shells following me up. Finally I arrived at a town two kilometers back (a kilometer is approximately 5-8 mile), and unhooked just at day break, straddled a mule and rode back. If I had not of lost my wheel I might have been with Lieut. McFarlan. But I am still on top with scarcely a scratch.

All this was the first night. It has been a month since, with the same thing nearly every night. What do you think of the Marines by what the papers say? I am in pretty good health.

Corp. Carlton B. Davis,
6th Regt. Supply Co., U. S. Marines,
A. E. F. France.

John Reynolds is in receipt of the following from his daughter, Mrs. Frank Gerred, of Boyne City, and tells the tragic fate that ended the life of their son, Ralph, who was a frequent visitor here:

Boyne City, Sept. 22, 1918.
Dear Father and Sister:
The letter written by Ralph printed in the paper we sent you was the last one he will write us as last night we received the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., 4:03 p. m., Sept. 21, 1918.
"Deeply regret to inform you that Private Ralph Ernest Gerred died of drowning August 12th, body recovered."

A short but snappy letter from our old side-wheeler when we worked up in the warring room. "Scrubby" Haynes, tells us that editors are not acceptable in the army with men and also imparts the information that our friend has taken another step up. Sergeant Haynes, if you please. Well, if the draft ever gets us, we would like nothing better than to have Captain Scrubby Haynes over us. His letter is as follows:

Camp Custer, Sept. 22, 1918.
Hon. Ed. D. Engermann.
Candidate for any office he can get. Friend Ed. I see by the Belding Banner News that a local man had recently watched me line up a bunch of rookies that I was awfully hard on them, etc.

Now, Ed., that local man you refer to was handing you a large package of the stuff that made Barnum famous—in other words—Buns. I never imagined that my men had lice or needed a crutch. Most men of that type are editors and are unfit to be soldiers. I take pleasure in reading the boys' letters and that they are all making good with a big G.

By the way, yours truly was made a sergeant last Tuesday evening. Also my address for the present is: Sergeant Haynes, 30th Co., 8th Bn., 160th Depot Brig., Camp Custer, Michigan, Barracks No. 80.

Your friend,
Sergeant Haynes,
United States Army.

The way many people serve sweet desserts and cakes at dinner suggests that they secured a very large amount for canning.

The country has been badly plowed faster than it produced wheat. Motorists who won't save any now will be the ones who will kick hardest if they can't have any a little later.

Well, the boys are coming over here now and I guess in time there will be enough of us to walk over to the city in Germany and we are mighty anxious to be on our way. There are some dandy souvenirs there for us and when the Yanks get started there is going to be something gathered besides helmets and we won't forget to tack on big interest, you bet.

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